

## The Evening World

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## AN INEVITABLE SHIFT.

**I**F, after the President's efforts to save the country from the consequences of a general railroad strike, such a strike were to be declared, the attitude of the public would unquestionably undergo a quick change.

The spectacle of intelligent men, representing on the one hand the management and on the other the working forces of the nation's chief railway system, gathered at Washington in conscientious endeavor to settle, with the President's aid, their differences, has been, on the whole, a reassuring one.

It has strengthened public faith in the power of arbitration and lessened belief in the need of strikes as a means of adjusting labor disputes affecting public utilities. It has seemed a guarantee of progress and an assurance that the rights of the greater number were to be more than ever recognized as paramount.

If now, despite all concessions, a strike were to come, the state of the public mind would instantly shift from impartiality to prejudice. Can the railway brotherhoods doubt where resentment would chiefly fall?

Granted demands of the employees are for the most part just and must be met. Nevertheless conferences and resulting concessions during the past two weeks of parley in Washington have convinced the country that no differences exist which could not be adjusted without tying up a single train schedule.

If present conditions of railway employment were to continue a month longer would any railway employee lack food? Would his family be less well off than they are now? Would his rights be further infringed upon?

Then why, pending the consideration of his case, deliberately subject 100,000,000 people to undeserved suffering and loss?

In the event of a strike do the brotherhoods think the nation would fail to ask that question or make its own assignment of the blame?

Merely as a matter of convenience it was about time for Italy to declare war on Germany. Now the Italian armies are fairly on the march they couldn't very well walk around Germans when the woods are so full of them.

## WILL THEY EVER MEET?

**O**UT of the present milk inquiry before the Wicks committee seems to emerge the old familiar finding that what constantly cuts down the farmer's return for his product, and at the same time raises its cost to the consumer, is the ever-increasing toll exacted by distributors.

Over and over again the public has heard a similar story concerning other kinds of farm produce. Whether there is abundance or dearth, the farmer gets a minimum figure for what he raises. Yet by the time his product reaches the householder the latter finds himself charged as much as he will stand. If the farmer must have more in order to live, the middleman is ready to explain that it can only be done by putting up prices to the consumer.

Secretary Manning of the Dairymen's League talks of independent distributing agencies which shall enable the farmers to place their milk more directly in the hands of the householders who want it.

"All we insist upon," he declares, "is getting a living price for our product, but we are interested also in seeing that the price is not raised too high for the consumer, as a higher price means decreased consumption and, inevitably, a lower price for us."

A baffling situation. For years past, with the aid of co-operative organizations and housewives' leagues, the farmer and the consumer have made desperate efforts to do business with each other to their mutual saving and profit. Despite everything, the middleman still contrives to keep them apart.

We have a State Department of Foods and Markets one of whose functions is to help farmers to sell their product. Can it do anything to solve the milk problem, or must it also wait until the middlemen and the distributors have made their calculations of how much the consumer will bear?

"In short, this delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honorable, virtuous, true and immortal prince was a violator of his word, a libertine, over head and ears in disgrace, a despoiler of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity."

Thus the London Examiner one fine morning in 1813 paid its compliments to the Prince Regent, afterward George IV. The man who wrote the article, Leigh Hunt, spent two subsequent years of his life in prison as a result—despite the fact that the greater portion of the British public acclaimed the truth of what he said.

Who will say free speech and a free press have not inclined men's tongues and pens rather to moderation than to excess, rather to charity than to bitterness; or who maintain that in public discussions words are chosen less judiciously than a hundred years ago?

## Letters From the People

Primaries, Sept. 5; Registration, Oct. 9-14; State, National Nov. 7. To the Editor of The Evening World:  
When do election and registration days in New York City occur this year?  
M. J. M.

Re: After He Is Naturalized. To the Editor of The Evening World:  
If a boy comes to this country before he is five years of age in he is a citizen, and when he becomes of age is he eligible for a civil service position?  
J. R.

Apply Board of Education; Take Year Brother Along. To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I am a boy of fifteen and I wish to get my working papers. I have no mother and my father is too busy to go with me. If my elder brother went with me or if my father were a note could I get them?  
H. A. C.

Polyschool Institute, Brooklyn: Columbia University, N. Y. To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Please inform me of some reliable Brooklyn or New York schools which give a course in electrical engineering.  
W. P.

One in 1914. To the Editor of The Evening World:  
How many fatal bicycle accidents occurred in New York last year?  
CONSTANT READER.

Write New York State College of Forestry, Syracuse. To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Where can I obtain a course in forestry?  
S. S.

Navy Department, Washington. To the Editor of The Evening World:  
To whom shall I address a letter applying for a wireless license?  
AMATEUR.

## Men Who Fail

By J. H. Cassel



"I used to work like that, too, when I first began here."

## The Origin of Finger Rings

**F**ROM the earliest period of civilized relationships, the finger ring has been accepted as the symbol of fidelity and truth in the fulfillment of a pledge, and for the greater part of two thousand years it was used as the most convenient means for conveying the signet of the wearer.

According to Herodotus, the wearing of finger rings originated with the Babylonians, the ring of those times being of iron. That the custom was gradually transmitted from the Babylonians to the Hellenes is certain, the later Greek historians describing minutely the richly chased gold rings worn as talismans by warriors on their departure for the wars, while at the end of another century every freeman in Greece possessed a signet.

Coming down to the Roman era, we find the freedmen, in imitation of the Babylonians and Spartans, bearing their iron signet as evidence of the simplicity of their lives, the custom prevailing down to the last days of the Republic. Ambassadors alone were permitted to wear the gold ring, this privilege, under the influence of the splendors of the Augustan era, being extended to Senators, Chief Magistrates and Equites. Tiberius, however, limited the wearing of the gold ring to the possessors of large property qualifications. Severus conceded the distinction to all Roman soldiers, and under Justinian all citizens, freedmen or slaves, enjoyed this right, silver rings being worn by freedmen and iron by slaves.

The third and fourth centuries of the Christian era saw the first use of the ring as a religious symbol, the monogram of Christ being the most revered device, and this custom has in one form or another continued down to the present day.

In the Middle Ages the signet ring was held to be of the greatest importance in legal, commercial or private affairs. Among the trothed couples of the fifteenth, sixteenth and eighteenth centuries many rings were inscribed with words supposedly of talismanic power, such as Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar, the names of the Magi, while in the nineteenth century nearly all engagements were borne the familiar "Mistake." The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from the other.

In direct contradiction to the ring of beneficent influence is the poison ring due to the hearts of all lovers of the weird, blue lights, the melodramatic.

Historic examples of this sinister agent are the ring containing a hollow bead with which Hannibal, pursued by the Romans, ended his life at Lilybaea; the ring of Demosthenes, the anello della morte of the Borgias which carried a secret point made to work with a spring, this point communicating with a receptacle for poison in a cavity behind, in such a way that the murderer could give the fatal scratch while shaking hands with an enemy.

## Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

**I**N most modern flirtations a man merely goes through the motions while a woman goes through the emotions.

The best thing to give a man for "that tired feeling" after a summer romance is a little distance.

Annanias may have been the most skillful liar of his time, but in these days, with the magic aid of the telephone, almost any normal husband could make him look like a mere bungler.

No matter how sincerely a girl may wish an ex-flame good luck she can't help feeling just a wee bit thrilled when she hears that his marriage has turned out unhappily.

In a man's opinion no woman wants to hear the truth unless it has been spiced and sugar-coated until it sounds as convincing as a good lie.

What some people call "love" is merely sex-antagonism covered with a thin coating of passion, spiced with romance and tied with a slender string of curiosity.

Most bachelors seem to regard the "flower o' love" as a dangerous species of poison ivy.

There are times when a man has to lubricate his conscience with alcohol so that it won't grate on his finer feelings.

A sense of humor is the only reliable life preserver on the Sea of Matrimony.

## Just a Wife—(Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor

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**C**HAPTER LVIII.  
OCT. 12.—Should I or should I not tell Ned what Mrs. Furman told me? Should I ask him about the beautiful young woman with whom my mother's old friend said he had been dining on the night he said he had spent with a patient critically ill?

Over and over again, during the past two days, I asked myself these questions. On the one hand, it seemed to me that even by repeating to my husband the gossiping tale I had heard, I should be casting reflections upon his honor, his truthfulness. Looking at the problem from another point of view, I realized that with the best will in the world I could not forget an incident so circumstantially related by a woman who, I knew, was my friend. Then, didn't I owe it to Ned to give him a chance to make his own explanation of the incident?

That reflection, together with my natural frankness, triumphed. I had wondered how I should bring up the topic, but it was simple enough. Ned looked at me several times rather sharply during dinner. After we sat down in front of the open fire in the living room he said suddenly, "Aren't you feeling well, Mollie? You look white and tired to-night."

"I'm nervously tired because—well,

## Dollars and Sense.

By H. J. Barrett.

Facts About Figures.

**"W**ELL, want 63 pounds of it at 57 cents a pound," said Carhart, the purchasing agent. "That comes to—"

"\$35.91," remarked Andrews, the salesman, instantly.  
"That's right," agreed Carhart after a moment's figuring. "But how the deuce did you figure it so quickly—mentally, too? You're a wizard."  
"It's simple enough," explained Andrews, "and applies theoretically to the multiplication of almost any numbers. But it's of practical value only where the mean number, in this case 60, ends in zero."  
"Take 57 and 63. The mean number, or that which is as much greater than 57 as it is less than 63, is 60. Sixty squared is 3,600. Subtract 9, or the square of 3, the difference between the mean number and one of the numbers, and you have \$3,591, the correct result. Thirty-seven and 43, 18 and 22, 116 and 124—all these instances and those similar to them can be multiplied mentally with ease."  
"They never taught me that in school," replied the purchasing agent. "Got any more short cuts? I'll proceed to electrify the boss."  
"Here's another," was the response. "Multiply 35 by 75—the product is 2,625."  
"Yes, it is," conceded Carhart, after laboriously figuring it out.  
"Very simple," said Andrews. "Merely multiply the first digits—3 and 7, which gives you 21; add one-half the sum of the two figures, that is, 5, and prefix the result, 26, to 25, giving you 2,625. This applies to the multiplication of some, but not all, figures ending in 5."

**A** NEW machine has been invented which warns the motorist of road dangers ahead, says the Popular Science Monthly. In other words the machine, in its mechanical way, looks ahead and tells the motorist all about the bumps and holes.

was working that night just as I said I was."  
"I thought just flickered through my brain," he told me this. "With a shock of shame I realized that I was doubting a clear and perfectly possible explanation offered by my husband, the man I love."  
Impulsively I left my chair and perched on the arm of Ned's, dropping my head on his shoulder.

"My dear, my dear!" I breathed. "I love you, and I know that you love me. I ought to have been strong enough to dismiss that story from my mind the instant I heard it. But from now on I shall never think of it again. Only, dear, if there ever should be anybody else, please don't lie to me. I think that I love you enough to deserve the truth, even if it hurts. And I should always want you to be happy."  
"I am happy, Mollie," Ned said huskily. "And you are the only woman that ever really counted for me."

## Stories of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces.

By Albert Payson Terhune

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## THE VALET—By Guy de Maupassant.

**T**HE valet was Juliette. She was a fragile, gentle girl, and the adored companion of her father, whose wife had died many years ago. The father lavished on Juliette all the love and tenderness of his great heart, and he loaded her with exquisite jewelry far too costly and unusual for so young a girl, but which she liked to wear.

The two lived very very quietly in a pretty house in the suburbs, attended by the father's loyal old valet, Prosper. The valet was devoted to his master and to Juliette and was pathetically worried over the girl's ill health.

When Juliette was about eighteen she had a series of fainting spells, brought on by a weakness of the heart.

In one of these attacks she died.

Her father and the heart-broken old valet would let no outsider come near after the local doctor had pronounced the girl dead. Together they watched beside her body for two days and nights. Together they prepared Juliette for her last sleep.

Remembering her love for jewelry, her father decided that she should be buried in her favorite ball dress and bedecked with all her costly rings, necklaces, brooches and bracelets.

Prosper respectfully protested against such an incongruous bequeathment of the dead. But the father insisted. And it was done.

On the night after the funeral the father retired to his own room, too exhausted in mind and body to sleep or even to undress. He sank into a chair and sat staring dully into space.

Old Prosper came to him with timid offers of assistance. But he refused them all and curiously dismissed the grieving old servant for the night.

For hours the stricken father sat there, motionless, numb with grief and fatigue. The night was bitter cold. The hearth fire died out. The wind howled about the house.

Then suddenly the doorbell rang. The sound of the gong crashed through the silent house, bringing the father to his feet with a bound. Wondering who had dared to intrude upon his grief at such an hour, he went to the front door and threw it open.

"Who is there?" he called, peering out into the darkness.

"It is I, father," came the faint answer, and a white figure staggered across the threshold.

It was Juliette, the daughter he had that day laid to rest in the family vault at the nearby cemetery!

"Don't be frightened, father!" begged Juliette, as he shrank back in horror, making the sign of the cross to drive away the supposed phantom.

"Don't be frightened, I am alive. Some one came there to the vault in the darkness to steal my jewels. The thief must have tried to tear off one of my rings. For, even this finger was cut. And the pain brought me out of my trance. I found the vault gate left open and I came home."

The father, in an ecstasy of joy, gathered into his arms the frail figure of his miraculously restored daughter and he bore her into his own room, where he placed her in a chair and quickly rekindled the fire on the hearth. Then he shouted for Prosper to bring food and wine for her and to summon the doctor.

The old servant came hurrying into the room in response to his master's frenzied shouts. At sight of the girl Prosper fell speechless to the floor in an epileptic fit.

No, it was not due to happiness at Juliette's recovery. It was because he was the thief who had tried to steal her jewels and he dreaded the punishment that must now be his.

Every man's life lies within the present, for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.—ANTONIUS.

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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**M**RS. JARR, home late for dinner, started to explain. "Mrs. Rangle and I were looking at some beautiful flats in the next street. There's a big, deep closet in every room for clothes, a china closet in the dining room, a large linen closet in the hall, porcelain wash tubs—oh, it was just grand!"

"Were the rooms large?" inquired Mr. Jarr—not that he cared, but it made talk.

"Oh, yes, quite large," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Not as large as these, of course, but they were arranged and decorated so artistically."

"Were they light?" he asked.

"If you are so anxious, why don't you go over and look at them yourself?" Mrs. Jarr retorted. "They are just as light as any apartments are; in fact, I didn't notice if they were light or dark, but the bathroom was beautiful, with a large medicine closet sunk in the wall!"

"You appear to be particularly interested in the closets," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"So I am, and so would you be if you had the care of the house and had the putting away of everything. Give me a nice bathroom and plenty of closets and I am satisfied," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Besides, there was a lovely little music room off the parlor in an alcove, but of course if you put a piano in one of those little music rooms the people next door always rap on the walls when you play anything, because the partitions are so thin."

"And you've got the mania to move, eh?" interrupted Mr. Jarr. "I thought that only came in the springtime."

"It comes any time you see a better and more modern home for less money than we pay here," said Mrs. Jarr.

"That is, these flats are only 45 a month more, and while in the other flats rooms are a little smaller and there is one room less, still it's more modern, and I'm sure it will be more healthy for the children when the plaster dries."

"How can we move?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Our lease runs till next summer."

"Isn't it too bad?" said Mrs. Jarr. "The agent at the new apartment offered us half a month's rent free, and that would almost pay the cost of moving."

"We'll have to wait till next summer."

The next day the landlord called and thanked the Jarrs for helping him get rid of the nervous lady, who was moving into the new apartment. The landlord said he believed in everybody having a good time, and he had no use for knockers, who had never had any fun in their lives and did not want others to have any.

## Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Bear

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**N**EVER throw away the vacant holes in a Swiss cheese. They can be saved and utilized as the framework for another cheese.

The Gazin's dwarfs of New Gooftland are extremely short and have to wear high heels so that their feet can reach the ground.

After making apples into apple sauce it is a tough job to count 'em.

Weighing a guinine pill on a hay scales is a delicate piece of work.

A can of beans will be found to be more digestible if peeled before eating.

Umbrellas can be kept dry in a rainstorm by putting 'em under your coat.